EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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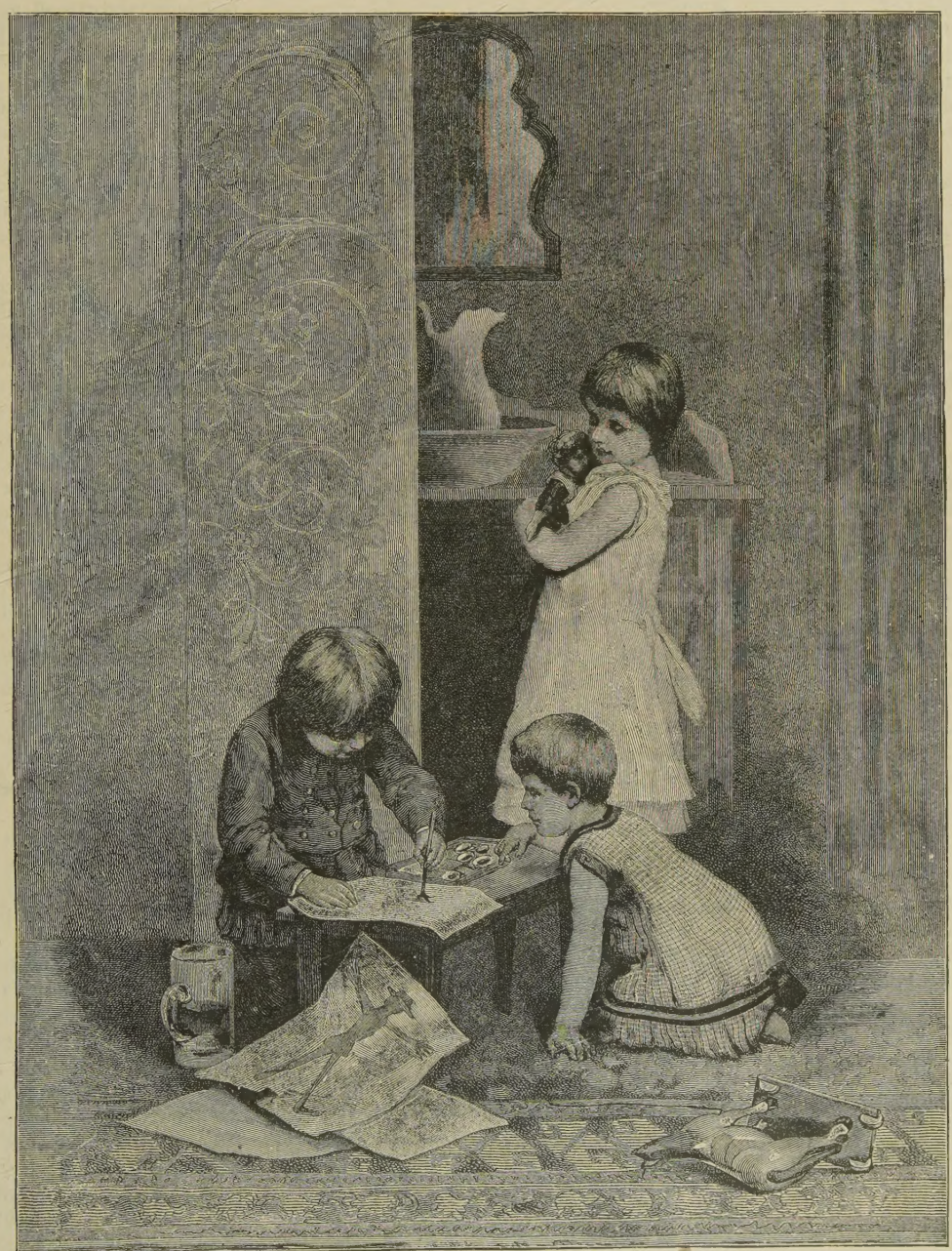

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

HEN Mollie and Pollie awoke that morning, they had no idea that anything was going to happen; but something *did* happen,—something that they will never forget.

In the first place, just as Mamma was tying Pollie's hair-ribbon, one of the neighbors walked in, looking very sober. She had lost a tiny gold locket which she prized very highly. That was sad; but sadder still was the thought that Nora, the bright little girl who had just come to her from the Home, might possibly have taken it.

This thought she could not have entertained for a moment were the circumstances not so peculiar. She hated to believe such a thing of a child, especially of a child with a face like Nora's. She really *could n't* believe it; but she had hunted everywhere, and where *could* it be?

Mamma tried to comfort her; but Mrs. Mullet left the house in very much the same state of mind in which she had entered it. Mollie and Pollie started off to school full of sympathy for poor Nora, and hoping most fervently that the locket might be found.

Nothing special happened to them during school-time, which, however, seemed rather long that day. But upon their way home they noticed that the church door stood open, and Pollie instantly thought of the Sunday-school book which she had left there the day before.

"Let 's go in and get it, Mollie," said she.

So up the stone steps they walked, and very softly they entered the vestibule.

"There 's nothing in here but Mr. Shepard's broom," said Pollie. "I s'pose he 's dusting somewhere."

They sauntered up the broad aisle. "I think churches should be full of people," said wise little Pollie. "That 's what they 're made for. I don't like a still church. Oh, here 's the book."

She took it as she spoke, and they turned to go out; but Mollie, whose bright eyes were becoming accustomed to the dimness and who was more courageous than her younger sister, proposed that they should walk a little farther, "just to try the different pews."

"Now we 're Mr. and Mrs. Angell," said she. "I must hold my head up stiff, and you must follow on very quick, and bow to the Noyeses across the aisle."

"Is n't this Mrs. Mullet's pew, just in front?" asked Pollie.

"To be sure it is. You go in it and be Mrs. Mullet, and I 'll preach you a sermon."

Pollie went in and demurely seated herself. Mollie ascended the pulpit stairs, and, by piling up the hassocks, managed to bring her flaxen head to her sister's view.

"I 'm going to preach a sermon," she announced, "and it 's for Mrs. Mullet. Mrs. Mullet" — here Mollie shook her small forefinger at her amused sister — "you must just have patience about that locket, and look in every little hole you can think of. You must *never* think that Nora — what 's the matter, Pollie? Why don't you sit up and listen?"

"There 's a little bunch of things under the carpet," replied Pollie. "My foot hits against it. Just come down and feel it."

Down came Mollie to investigate; and in a twinkling they were both kneeling upon the floor, their bright faces very near the carpet. At this moment Mr. Shepard came back for his broom. He gave a hasty glance into the church. Everything seemed just as he had left it. The children, of course, were quite hidden from view, and at that distance he could not hear their voices. So away he went, locking the large door after him.

The girls were chattering too busily to hear him. "Here 's an end of a pencil," exclaimed Pollie, "and a piece of a peppermint, and — "

"Don't taste it," interrupted Mollie.

"Here 's a fan-stick," continued Pollie, "and here 's — here 's — " the energetic little finger gave several "pokes" before it could dislodge the object, but it came at last — "here 's — what *do* you think, Mollie?"

"It 's the locket!" screamed Mollie. "It 's the locket, as sure as I live and breathe! *Won't* Mrs. Mullet be glad!"

So absorbed were they that they did not notice the deepening of the shadows, nor how the streak of sunshine which had streamed across Mrs. Mullet's pew was moving along toward Mr. Angell's.

"Now," cried Pollie, "I 'll be the minister. I 'll go up into the pulpit and give out the hymn, and you shall be the choir and sing it."

They separated, and soon stood at the two extremities of the church, facing each other.

Pollie carefully opened the hymn-book, the elegance of which had so often dazzled her eyes as she had looked at it from her own pew.

"We will sing the one hundredth hymn," said she: —

> "There is a happy land,
> Far, far away."

Mollie's childish treble took up the words fearlessly. But how *lonesome* the voice sounded in that quiet church! The sunshine was gone now, and the twilight had deepened so that it seemed like a pall, covering everything. How *small* Mollie looked up there, and how far apart they were, with all that solemn dimness between them. Struck with a sudden panic, Pollie stretched out her arms appealingly, —

"Mollie! Mollie! *Don't* sing any more!"

> "Oh, we shall happy be,
> When from sin and sorrow free!"

went on Mollie, unheeding.

Pollie could bear it no longer. "Don't, Mollie, *don't!*" she almost shrieked. "Come down! Oh, *please* come down!"

Mollie dropped her book and hurried down the stairs. Oh, how dark they were now! The little sisters met in the broad aisle and rushed into each other's arms. "We 've been here long enough," said Mollie. "Is the locket all safe?"

"Yes," replied Pollie, putting her hand into her small pocket. "Here it is."

"Then we 'll go home," said Mollie. "I like church best on Sunday, anyway."

"So do I," echoed Pollie. They had reached the vestibule now. "Do open the door quick, Mollie. It seems as if I was n't *ever* going to get out."

Mollie tried, but, alas! the door was locked. Together they rattled and shook it, vainly hoping to make some impression upon the inexorable fastening.

"Let 's look and see if the broom 's gone," said Mollie; and they groped with outstretched arms in the place where it had been.

"It *has* gone!" and, in a paroxysm of anxiety and terror, Pollie burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said Mollie, soothingly. "We 're *very safe* here. Nobody ever hurts anybody in a church. Let 's go and sit down in that corner where there 's a little speck of light left."

They went, their arms clasped tightly round each other's waists. Pollie's small frame was quivering still, but she stifled her sobs bravely.

"Here 's a Bible," said Mollie. "If I could see to read a little, do you s'pose it would make us feel any better?"

"I d' n' know," answered Pollie, doubtfully.

Mollie opened the book hurriedly, and held it up to meet the little streak of light, now fast disappearing. She read falteringly and with many mistakes the first words upon which her eye lighted: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

"That means that God will take care of us, Pollie."

"I know it," sobbed Pollie.

"We need n't be a bit afraid. He 's *very* good to little girls."

"I know He 's awful good; but — but — " with a fresh burst of tears — "I like a *great many* people to take care of me, Mollie. When *do* you s'pose they 'll come and find us?"

"Why, you see," replied Mollie, her own stout heart giving way a little, notwithstanding her protestations, "nobody knows we 're here."

"Let 's scream together as loud as we can."

They did so; but the echo of their shrill little voices was the only response. The sound frightened them. The darkness was closing in upon them, and they sank down upon the cushions, sobbing together.

But it was not Mollie's way to give up while there was a chance of escape. Suddenly she sat up very straight, and wiped her eyes.

"Don't you know that stick that Mr. Shepard pulls down the windows with, Pollie?"

Yes, Pollie knew that stick very well.

"I wish I could find it."

"What for?"

"I 'd break out some of those high panes of glass and let them fall upon the pavement. P'r'aps Papa might be going by."

"Break out some windows *in a church?*" whispered awe-struck Pollie.

"I know it 's wicked, but Papa 'd pay the money for it, and I could put it in my prayer to-night. I *wish* I could find that stick, Pollie. It must be in some of these corners. Let 's feel for it." And each holding the other tightly by the hand, they went out into the dim aisle.

"We 'll feel right round the church," said Mollie. "We 'll keep one hand on the wall, and then we *can't* miss it."

Oh, what a distance it seemed to the anxious children, — that groping, stumbling walk, — feeling all the way with eager hands for the much wished for stick! But they found it at last. Indeed, Pollie almost fell over it, and it dropped into her outstretched hands as if it had been waiting to help them all the while.

Mollie seized it, and hurried to one of the windows. "Now," said she, "we must be quick. Hold down your head, Pollie."

The stick was heavy, and the small hands not too steady. Nevertheless, one of the small panes fell out, and rattled upon the pavement below.

They listened intently, but heard only a feeble footstep passing by, — not Papa's, certainly. No, it was that of a poor old gentleman who walked very slowly, and who, though somewhat astonished at the fall of glass at his feet, did not feel it at all incumbent upon him to investigate the matter.

So the sound of his footsteps died gradually

away. Pollie cried again; but plucky little Mollie once more grasped her friendly stick.

"I hear somebody running," said she. "It must be a boy this time. P'r'aps I can hit him." And again the bright-colored glass flew out, and was shivered to pieces upon the pavement.

"Hullo!" cried a youth, stopping suddenly and shaking himself. "What's up? Anybody in there?"

"Yes! yes!" screamed the children; but he could not hear them. The outside noises filled his ears.

"What's the matter?" he called, and was answered by another pane of glass which narrowly escaped his eye.

"Well!" ejaculated the young man. "I *should* think! Who's in there, any way?" he cried again; and, without waiting for an answer, he ran to the door and shook it violently.

The children hurried to the vestibule as fast as the darkness would permit.

"We're locked in here!" they called, eagerly. "*Please* help us out!"

"How'd you get in?"

"Came in for a book."

"What book?"

"A Sunday-school book." Mollie was growing impatient. "*Won't* you go to Mr. Shepard's house for the key? *Quick*, please!"

"Where does he live?"

"Just around the corner."

"That little greenish, yellowish house?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been here?"

"Oh, the *longest* while! Please go quick."

"D' you come right here from school?"

"Yes."

"Then you've been here, I should say, about two hours."

"We've been here *long enough!*" replied Mollie, with spirit. "*Won't* you go?"

"What's your name?"

"Mollie Farnham."

"What's the other one's name?"

"Pollie Farnham."

"Oh, I know you, — know where you live, too! Is that all there are of you?"

"Yes."

"Just *you two little* girls?"

"Oh, please go quick, — that's a good boy!" pleaded Mollie, while Pollie's tears fell fast again.

"The little one's crying. I can hear her through the key-hole," remarked the youth. Then he added, with a reassuring emphasis, "Don't you stir a step from where you are. If he can't come right away and let you out, I will." saying which, he ran off whistling.

The minutes seemed hours to the poor children; but there were really only five of them, when they heard the sound of a man's boots upon the steps.

"Anybody here?" asked a familiar voice at the door.

"Yes, yes!" cried the children. "*We're* here!"

They had no time to say more. The key was in the lock, the door flew open, and they rushed into Mr. Shepard's arms.

"I did n't know whether that young scamp was joking or not," said he. "Where in the world could you have been when I locked that door?"

The children could n't tell.

"Well, well! We won't ask questions now," said he, kindly. "We'll get home first, and talk about it afterward."

He took a hand of each, and they walked quickly away. But though he asked no questions the children could not help talking, and he soon had their plaintive story.

"I don't like that church," said Pollie, decidedly. "The windows are too little. It's too dark."

"But little windows are the easiest to knock out," answered Mollie, thoughtfully.

Mr. Shepard laughed; and just here they met Papa, accompanied by their young friend, who had notified him of their mishap.

"O Papa!" cried Mollie, springing anxiously toward him, "we *had* to break the windows. We could n't —"

But Papa stopped the little mouth with kisses. "My darlings!" That was all he could say. He took Pollie up in his arms as if she had been a baby; and she quite forgot her dignity for the time, and hugged him tighter than any baby, however well disposed, could possibly have done.

Mr. Shepard bade them good-night; but the irrepressible youth signified his intention of walking with them as far as his own door. Arrived there, he was made happy by the receipt of a bright silver piece from Papa, while the children thanked him over and over again.

"You're very welcome," said he, graciously. "But I was thinking to myself that there might be a lot of money to pay for that glass. I d'n 'know's I ought to keep this."

Papa assured him that both obligations could be met without danger of bankruptcy; so he put the silver in his pocket and joyfully disappeared. The children often saw the young man afterward, and never without feelings of gratitude; though, as Pollie sometimes remarked, he *might* have gone quicker.

But how happy and thankful they all were that night! Again and again they told their story to Mamma, — poor Mamma, who was quite pale with the anxiety which she had suffered, and whose eyes grew moist as she listened.

But it was not until they were going to bed that they remembered the locket. Pollie drew it triumphantly from her pocket, and told Mamma where she had found it.

"How *do* you s'p'ose it ever got into that little hole, Mamma?"

Mamma could n't imagine. And great was the astonishment of Mrs. Mullet, when she received the locket the next day. But after an hour of puzzled thought, she suddenly remembered the visit of a certain small nephew two weeks before.

"He was as uneasy as a fish, that Sunday," said she, "and I was glad to let him sit on the floor to keep him quiet. I noticed that his pocket was full of odds and ends, but had no idea that my locket was among them. Little rascal! I'm so glad it's found!" she added, with a sigh of relief.

"Nora'll be glad, too," said little Pollie.

"Nora!" repeated Mrs. Mullet, with a sudden anxiety, "Why, Nora knows nothing about it, of course. It would hurt her feelings very much. You don't want to hurt Nora's feelings, do you, children?"

The children certainly did not.

"Then you won't tell her, will you? Promise me, like good little girls."

"We can't make a *truly* promise," replied Mollie. "We might forget, you know. But we'll *try* not to tell her, if we *don't forget it, won't* we, Pollie?"

Pollie assented. And with this half-pledge Mrs. Mullet was obliged to content herself.

Let us hope, for poor Nora's sake, that the children will not forget.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

SOMETHING ABOUT OTTERS.

BY COUSIN MILDRED.

The otter is an animal not exceeding three and a half feet long, and weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds. It has a flexible, serpent-like body. Its legs are very short and strong, and so loose-jointed that they can be bent almost any way. Its toes are connected by a broad web which gives it great power in swimming. Its fur is very fine, thick, and handsome, and useful in many ways.

The otter is a deadly foe to fish; it has a dainty palate, and seeks out for itself the most delicate fish in the streams.

Otters will travel many miles in search of food, and will attack the poultry and lambs in a farm-yard if they cannot find fish. They are fierce fighters, and will never give up the victory so long as life remains. Few dogs can conquer them.

Otters have been successfully trained to catch fish where anglers have failed. They are taken when a few weeks old, and perhaps brought up by a dog. They are weaned from fish-food, and fed on bread and milk. They are given a toy-fish made of leather to play with, and when their master throws it into the water, the otter is made to go in after it, and on bringing it to its master is rewarded with a dainty morsel. In this way they soon become very apt, and make good fishermen.

DAISY'S LAUGH.

BY M. A. HALEY.

Daisy was a merry little girl, with a merry laugh which every one liked to hear. One of the neighbors told her she must always laugh when she made her a visit.

"Yes," said Daisy very soberly, "I will save all my laughs for you."

The next day Daisy's brother said something funny, and Daisy burst out laughing. Then she clapped her hand suddenly over her mouth and stopped the laugh.

"Why do you stop in that way?" asked her brother.

"Because I must save some of that laugh for Mrs. Winslow. I promised Mrs. Winslow I would save all my laughs for her."

"That won't make any difference," said her brother; "laugh all you want to now, and more will come when you go there."

"No," said Daisy, "I said I would save all my laughs, and I am going to."

One day Daisy heard a visitor say that she looked pale. When she saw her brother coming with a pail of water, she pointed to it and said, "Do I look like that, Willie?"

"Oh, no," said Willie. "Why did you think so?"

"Because Mrs. Brown told mamma that I looked pale, and I thought she meant that I looked like this pail."

It was Willie's turn to laugh; but his little sister was not old enough to understand why.

Our Letter-Box.

We have always heard that "patient waiters are no losers," and we have in a manner believed it. Now we are sure of it. Some months ago, in No. 6 of Every Other Sunday, we asked our readers if some one would not give us a short account of a certain great reformer whose name would be found by guessing a puzzle printed in that number. To-day we print a very excellent account sent us by a young friend.

Bennington, Vermont.

Dear Editor, — A while ago you asked for a story of the Reformation, which I send to you.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, on the 10th of November, 1483. His father John Luther, a miner, wanted him to study. So he spent four years at Erfurt studying law. But the sudden death of a friend during a thunderstorm determined him to become a monk. He gave a parting feast to his friends, and shut himself up in a convent. But he did not find peace till he realized God's mercy through Christ. A while after becoming a monk he became a professor in Wittenberg University. After two years at Wittenberg he went on a pilgrimage to Rome. He had formed a high opinion of the Roman clergy, but found them, to use his own words, "gross, ignorant asses." It was at Wittenberg that he became acquainted with Melancthon. Tetzel, a Dominican monk, was selling indulgences: indulgences are papers which promise to forgive your sins. Luther, protesting against them, pledged himself to prove that they were evil by ninety-five reasons. He wrote and nailed them to the door of the castle church at Wittenberg. In 1520 Luther's works were called heretical, and condemned to be burned; and he was excommunicated by the Pope. Luther publicly burned the bull of excommunication. After this, he appeared before the Diet of Worms, where he was commanded to take back all he had said. This he refused to do. He was then placed under the ban of the Empire, — that is, deprived of his privileges of a subject. On his way from the Diet he was taken prisoner by the Elector of Saxony for protection. In 1525 he married Catharine Bora, who had been a nun. In 1530 the Protesting Estates presented a Confession of Faith to the Diet at Augsburg, and at another time a protestation, which gave them the name of Protestants. In 1524 Luther completed the German translation of the Bible. Luther died in 1546, aged sixty-three. Luther was rough, and Melancthon was gentle. I think I like Melancthon better than I do Luther.

Edna S. K., age, eleven years.

Edna tells us that Luther was rough. We think that his roughness was mostly on the outside, and we print here a beautiful letter which he wrote to his little son, that she may see what love and tenderness dwelt in his heart for little children. We would also suggest to our readers that they read again at this time the story in No. 9 of Every Other Sunday about Luther and the Count of Erbach.

Martin Luther's Letter to his Son John.

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will give thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, and plums; they sing and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belonged, whose children they were. And he said, "They are the children that love to pray and are good." Then I said, "Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?" Then the man said, "If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden; and Lippus and Jost, too. And when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows."

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There, hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: "Ah, dear sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden." . . . Then the man said, "It shall be so. Go and write him so."

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away; and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. . . .

Thy dear father,

Martin Luther.

A. D. 1520.

The beautiful garden of which we read in this letter was not an earthly one. It existed only in Luther's imagination. It was his way of describing heaven so that a child could understand. Every one who has wished to make the world better has told us in one way or another of the joy and pleasure that come from being and doing good. Saint Paul wrote to his fellow-Christians in Corinth that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." When we love any one we wish to please him; and to please God we need only to be his good children. So it was right and beautiful to picture to the child a lovely garden for good little boys to play in. Luther could not possibly describe anything more attractive and delightful than the enjoyments heaven will contain for all who enter it.

ACROSTIC V.

1. One of the "Sons of Thunder."
2. One of the titles of the Twelve of whose acts a book in the New Testament tells.
3. A Publican, an Apostle, and an Evangelist.
4. The river of Western Asia mentioned first in the Bible as one of the four rivers of Eden.
5. The Jewish name of the chief of the Apostles.

Answer: One of the brothers of Jesus.

ACROSTIC VI.

My whole was an Israelite, the story of whose interesting and eventful life you can read in the last part of the Book of Genesis.

My first was his father.

My second was an office he held under the man to whom he had been sold as a slave.

My third is the place where he was buried.

My fourth is the country to which he was carried as a slave, and in which he became great and powerful.

My fifth was his first master in that country.

My sixth was his nationality.

ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 32, 14, 9, 5, is what the Arabs live in.

My 6, 3, 20, 24, 13, is an animal.

My 22, 29, 21, 7, 14, is a musical instrument.

My 4, 17, 11, 18, is a territory.

My 5, 2, 15, 12, 19, 8, is a tool.

My 10, 16, 28, 23, is an article of dress for the head.

My 25, 30, 26, 27, is a kind of meat.

My 31, 16, 5, 19, 24, is one of the prophets.

My whole is a Commandment.

B. F. Jacobs.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. 15.

Enigma XIII. Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.

Enigma XIV. "Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

For Youngest Readers.

THE OBJECT LESSON.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

"'T is only good children
Whom the angels call fair."

"I wish God had made me pretty," said little Annie Sparks, who looked so doleful that Aunt Marie resolved to help the child, if she could.

That night, when Annie came home from school, her Aunt said, "I am going to give you a new doll, my dear. I have two in my room, and you may choose one for your own."

Annie tripped up stairs gayly to seek her new treasure. She found the two dolls upon the sofa. The one that first claimed her attention was exquisitely dressed in silk and velvet; dainty lace was about her neck and wrists; upon her feet were pretty shoes, on her head a lovely hat.

Before Annie had examined the dolls closely she thought this one would be her choice, for when she first glanced at the other she only noticed the dress, which was of the plainest calico, with no ornament of any kind; but when she examined more carefully, she found that the doll with the homely dress was a beautiful marble doll with real golden hair, eyes that would open and shut, dainty little feet on which she could stand alone, arms with joints which admitted many different positions, — in short, the doll was a marvel of beauty, while the other, which was of rough wood, had no grace or loveliness aside from its dress.

"Oh! I choose Miss Calico Dress," said Annie, at once taking possession of her new treasure.

"But," said Aunt Marie, "look at this beautiful silk dress and velvet cloak and the hat."

"The cloak and dress are pretty, I know," responded Annie, "but those things don't make the doll."

"Neither," said Aunt Marie, "do rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and soft hair make the little girl; and if a child has a cross and selfish spirit, no matter how fair are the form and face that clothe it, God and the angels and the people around her will look upon her with but little pleasure; but if she has a sweet and loving spirit, it will shine through the homeliest features, and many will delight in her. A beautiful spirit, no matter how uncomely the body in which it is dressed, will as surely be prized as your doll is prized, in spite of her faded calico."

Annie was an apt pupil, and never forgot Aunt Marie's comforting lesson, but ever after sought for the best beauty, which is ever denied to the earnest seeker, — beauty of heart.

"NOW, I LAY ME"

History and Biography.

"QUEEN DOLLY."

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

"QUEEN DOLLY," the wife of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, is said to have been the most popular lady that ever occupied the White House.

Dolly was born on a plantation in North Carolina, and her full name was Dorothy Payne. Her father and mother were both Quakers, and Dolly was brought up very strictly, — so much so, that she was afraid to wear before her parents some old-fashioned jewelry given her by her grandmother. She sewed it in a bag, which she tied around her neck and hid beneath her plain Quaker frock. Great was her distress when one day the string broke, and her dear treasures were gone forever. Her education was of the simplest, — reading, writing, and arithmetic. Dolly was about twelve years old when her father became convinced of the wrong of slavery, and freeing all his slaves, sold his plantation and removed to Philadelphia. This change from a plantation with many slaves, to town, together with a lack of business knowledge, soon caused an embarrassment in his affairs, and he became very poor.

Dolly grew up, and at nineteen is described as "tall and slight, with a delicately oval face and perfect features, a complexion dazzlingly fair, contrasting with very black hair and blue eyes, which looked very sweet beneath the modest little Quaker cap." A promising young lawyer of the Society of Friends, whose name was Todd, fell in love with her, and offered himself to her, but received the answer "that she never meant to marry." Dolly, however, acceded to her father's wishes, accepted her suitor's hand, and had the reward of seeing the last months of her father's life tranquil and happy, and of having a kind husband, who made the three short years of their married life all that could be desired. Mr. Todd died of yellow-fever, as did also their youngest child, leaving Dolly with one boy and a large fortune.

The young widow was still only twenty-two, and so pretty that her friends would laughingly say, "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face, — there are so many staring at thee." James Madison, then a member of Congress, met her on the street and sought an introduction. They were married in 1797. He was twenty years her senior. At his request she laid aside her sober Quaker dress, and began to enjoy a little gay society, being frequently seen at Mrs. Washington's drawing-room, where she was warmly welcomed. Philadelphia was at that time the seat of government.

In 1801 Mr. Jefferson was elected President, and Mr. Madison became Secretary of State. Happy and handsome Mrs. Madison went to Washington, to which the National Government was then transferred, prepared to do her best with the duties and responsibilities of her high station. Mr. Jefferson's two daughters being married, the Secretary of State's wife was frequently invited to preside at the White House; so that in 1809, when Mr. Madison was elected President, his wife gracefully assumed a position to which she was somewhat accustomed, and which she enjoyed most thoroughly as the first lady of the land. The forms and ceremonials which had made Mrs. Washington's and Mrs. Adams's drawing-room so dull and tiresome were set aside, and no stiffness of any kind was allowed.

Mrs. Madison used her large fortune most liberally; the poor all knew her, and we find her name as one of the first directresses of the Washington Orphan Asylum. She possessed a remarkably retentive memory for names, places, and the smallest incidents connected with one's personal history, and therefore could always gratify those she met by addressing them by their names at a second meeting. She delighted in society, and was said to have been the most popular person in the United States during her husband's entire administration.

In 1812 war broke out with England, and with it soon came the burning of Washington. Mrs. Madison was the last to leave the fated city. Seizing the public papers and the Declaration of Independence, she was being hurried to her carriage, when she noticed the portrait of George Washington, and, at the risk of being captured, waited while a servant broke the frame which was screwed to the wall and secured the canvas whole. It was one painted by Gilbert Stuart. Half a century later, when Washington was rebuilt, the picture was renovated and put back upon the wall.

Mad with disappointment at the escape of the President and wife, whom they hoped to capture, the British broke open the doors of the White House, and after ransacking it from cellar to attic, applied the torch. Nearly the whole city was burned.

At the close of his administration, 1817, Mr. Madison and his wife retired to Montpelier, Va., their country house, where they spent the remainder of their life. After the death of Mr. Madison Congress bestowed the franking privilege (the right to send letters free of cost) upon Mrs. Madison, and voted her a seat upon the floor of the House and the Senate, — the only lady to whom such a distinction was ever given. While in Washington she had attended the Episcopal church, and was subsequently baptized and confirmed. She lived to be eighty-three years old, and was always beloved.

Mrs. Madison's Memoirs and Letters have been published by her grand-niece, and make a small but very interesting volume.

LEND-A-HAND PAPERS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

No. 2.

Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not back
Look out, and not in;
Lend a hand.

DO the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY know anything about the circulars spoken of in the last Lend-a-hand paper? They were issued monthly, for two years, by the Welcome and Correspondence Club, which is by no means an idle club. The members of this club found they could do better work to print and send these circulars than to write to each club and tell what every other club was doing. These circulars have been of so much importance in the formation of clubs, that they are now published in book form.

We find in them, among other reports, accounts of the various works of the 10×1=10 Club of Westfield, Massachusetts. This club was organized in 1879, and the interest has never flagged. It has multiplied its working power with fidelity to its name. In 1882 the club raised $340 for the publishing of Bible stories in the Micronesian language. It sent one thousand copies to Micronesia, and the circulars print a charming letter from the missionary there who had heretofore been obliged to teach from manuscript. No other club to my knowledge has ever engaged on so large a scale in the publishing business. But this is not the only work of this active club. If you would know all, you must read the magazine, Lend-a-hand, for July, 1886. We have room here but for a short extract: —

"The payment of a small fee on becoming a member, a voluntary offering at each meeting, gifts from honorary members and interested friends, and the proceeds of occasional public evenings and parlor sales have brought to our treasury the sum of $750, by which we have been able to extend a helping hand to schools in the borders of our own country, to lay some stones in the foundation of a Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Spain, to send messages of Bible truth to the distant islands of Micronesia, and to assist in furnishing the steam power that speeds on its way the gospel-freighted 'Morning Star.'

"In all this, we have not forgotten that our four-fold motto, when translated into our daily lives, should make us better sons and daughters, more helpful brothers and sisters, more faithful pupils in school, and kinder friends."

We will turn from this account of great works, as we call them, to one of the oldest clubs formed among poor boys in New York City. In 1871 Miss Russell formed this club from scholars in a mission school. Like many another teacher, she found the boys began to think Sunday-school too childish for them. A club seemed to them a grown-up affair, particularly if officered by themselves. The idea of helping somebody was a new one, and pleased them. They had read 10 × 1 = 10, and determined to adopt the mottoes and to call themselves "Harry Wadsworth Helpers." It must be remembered that these boys were ash-pickers, dock-boys, and news-boys. They had an initiation fee of ten cents, monthly dues and fines for offences, such as spitting on the floor, swearing, etc. Each member pledged himself to do some special thing each week to help somebody who needed it. Some read to a poor cripple, some devoted their time to picking up and carrying to their homes drunken men, and some to helping a poor widow and her children. This club now is widely scattered. We have the record of some of its members. They lent a hand to others, and, behold! they found themselves lifted up. Miss Russell writes, —

"One of them after several years of mining in the Black Hills is now keeper of the jail in the chief town among the Hills. Another is a book-keeper for a shoe company in Maine, with a salary of $2000. A third, an inventor, has taken out two patents and disposed of them successfully. Another has a wife and family, and they hire a house *all to themselves*. Yet another has an upholstery shop, doing a good business."

Boys and girls who really want to be helpful can find the opportunities. There is no need of riches, as we see in the case of the Harry Wadsworth Helpers. But riches may not be despised. They are a welcome accessory. But the Wadsworth spirit is independent of them. Little and great deeds count alike, if it is only a loving helping spirit that prompts the deed. A report from a club once said, with discouragement, "We haven't done anything, unless we have rubbed off each other's rough corners." Isn't that something? The report further on said, "We have not quarrelled." Isn't that a good deal to accomplish while polishing rough edges? It could not have been done without a gentle, helpful spirit.

Here is an extract from a letter from Pennsylvania: —

"Our Club is progressing very satisfactorily. I do not know just how much it is doing outside, but I do know how much it is doing for my boys and girls, who are growing more manly and womanly under its influence. They are constantly on the look-out in their lessons for examples of people who have lent a hand, and are learning to think that better than winning battles."

ELLEN AUGUSTA AND THE PRINCESS.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

ONCE upon a time Ellen Augusta lived in a nice old house in the country. She was a very little girl, whose mother was dead, and she was the only child who lived there then; so everybody was very kind to her.

The house had a wonderful attic, just as full as full could be of boxes and bureaus and funny old trunks. Ellen Augusta played there sometimes, and though by-and-by she grew to think there never was a more delightful room in all the world, she was at first so very young, and sometimes felt so lonely there that she liked better to have her things in a corner of the big keeping-room.

The keeping-room was a pleasant place. It was long and broad with square windows, and the sun always seemed to shine there. A tall orange-tree in a tub was in Ellen Augusta's corner, and it made a green shade over her head like the woods in summer. Grandma and Aunt Mellicent were always at hand, and she could run out to them when she liked, and sometimes they would tell her such beautiful stories. Then her Papa would come in and call out, "Where is my little woman?" and take her in his arms, and toss her up *so* high, and they would have jolly games of romp together.

There was a row of cupboards all the way across that end of the keeping-room where Ellen Augusta's playthings were, which she thought made it a great deal nicer. One of these smelled of spicy cakes; and one held preserves and low fat jars of jam and marmalade, and great dishes of white honey-comb all running over with honey; and another had red and green and yellow apples and pears lying in rows upon its shelves; and in another there were china dishes, in colors the most beautiful that ever were seen, with queer birds and beasts and people, and the oddest trees all over them. The little girl liked to peep into these places, especially when Aunt Mellicent gave her sweet seed-cakes out of a high jar, or an apple or pear off the shelves.

At the other end of the room was a tall clock which was always talking very slowly, but it never stopped. Most of the time its speech was in a sort of foreign tongue, which Ellen Augusta could not very well understand, and it puzzled her; but sometimes what it said was plain enough. If she did wrong it reproached her, — "Naugh-ty-girl, naugh-ty-girl;" and at night it always kept saying, "Go-to-bed, go-to-bed," until it spoiled everything, and she did not much care to sit up any longer. One day when she took some fruit without leave it had said, "Stole-a-pear, stole-a-pear," over and over so plainly that she could not bear it, and had to go and own it all to Grandma and get forgiven before it would stop.

Ellen Augusta had a bedstead for her dolls, with pillows and sheets and blankets, and a wonderful quilt made of green satin and trimmed with beautiful lace, and three chairs and a sofa and a table, and a woolly sheep, and a dog that would bark when she pressed the spring just right. And she had two dolls. One was a rag doll. Her name was Kitty. She had black velvet eyes, and no feet to speak of, and rather common clothes; but Ellen Augusta loved her, and slept with her in her arms every night.

The other had been a beauty and a fine lady. She was made of wax. One day a hot fire in the keeping-room stove melted her nose quite flat, and made the colors in her face all run together. By-and-by her handsome yellow curls got so tangled that Grandma had to cut them off, and her dress was faded and her good looks wholly gone. This doll was called Miss Angeline. Ellen Augusta was sorry for her misfortunes; but she had never loved her when she was at her best, and now she kept her in bed a good deal, or else partly hidden behind the orange-tree tub, so that she might not be ashamed when people looked at her.

Our little girl had one very great fault which troubled her good Grandma and Aunt Mellicent. When her toys behaved badly — and they did so sometimes — she flamed out in a real fury of passion, striking them and throwing them down very hard indeed. This did not happen often, and when she recovered herself, which she always did pretty soon, she was very sorry, and would pick the dolls up and kiss them, and try to make things right by showing them extra kindness and love; but Grandma would shake her head, and Aunt Mellicent would look so grieved. They had made her kneel for half an hour in the corner, and had even put her to bed in the day-time; but except for a very little while, this did not seem to do much good.

By-and-by Christmas morning came, and when Ellen Augusta looked for her stocking, she found it hanging close beside the chimney; and, oh! there was the most beautiful doll she had ever seen in all her life, with one foot pushed just inside the top of the stocking.

Ellen Augusta was so happy that she could not speak a word.

Presently it was discovered that the doll hung from a long string, which was passed around and around the stovepipe; and then everybody knew that Santa Claus had brought her down the chimney and tied her there, because the stovepipe was too small for him to get through.

Ellen Augusta was almost a little frightened at this. It seemed to her that this new doll must have seen very strange things where she came from, and might be something like a fairy perhaps, or even one of Santa Claus' children: and she made up her mind that whatever might happen, she would never forget, or show any bad temper with the Princess, which was the name she at once gave the new doll.

She was careful to treat her Highness with the greatest respect, laying her down upon the green satin quilt, or giving her the very best chair of all to sit upon, although that had always been Kitty's chair before.

Things went on very well with Ellen Augusta's family for a long while. Kitty was not jealous, and did not resent giving up all the best things to the Princess; and as for poor Miss Angeline, she was too sensible of her lowly position to be exacting. One morning, however, the dreadful thing happened which was the cause of my writing this story.

Kitty was calling upon the Princess, who on her part never made any calls, — she was too proud for that, — she only received them. Well, Kitty was calling and behaving her very best, when suddenly the Princess shut up her eyes. Ellen Augusta, thinking it an accident, hurried to open them for her before Kitty should notice, and firmly fastened the wire that pulled them. In a moment, however, they were shut again, and then she knew that the Princess did it to insult Kitty.

Quick as a flash the Princess's ears were boxed and she was thrown upon the floor; and then Ellen Augusta, remembering too late, ran crying to hide her face in her Grandma's lap, and sob out that she forgot! she forgot! what would the Princess do?

Grandma lifted the little girl upon her knee; but the Princess was gone. They searched for her all over the room, — behind the orange-tree tub, and even in the cupboards, — but they could not find her, nor even a shred of her lovely pink dress; and her bonnet and cloak, which she did not have on at the time, were gone too. In short, not a single thing was left that had ever belonged to the Princess.

Ellen Augusta was a good deal frightened, and cried a great many times, and was very sorry and very sober all day as she pondered over these things. She thought of the strangeness that had always clung about the Princess, — the singular way which she had been dropped down on Christmas night, the apparent certainty that Santa Claus had truly brought her, and the awful mystery of her disappearance. She wondered if Santa Claus had taken her back into the fairy-land that she came out of; or perhaps she was hidden away in a secret place, from whence she might at any moment leap forth to punish the one who had treated her so cruelly.

The clock seemed to have a great deal to say about the matter, but just what it was Ellen Augusta could not make out, and it only added to her distress. When night came she did not really like to go to bed, and begged Aunt Mellicent to sit beside her until she was asleep.

It was a day or two before she cared much to play with her dolls again, but when she did she seemed to be trying to be more gentle with them than she had ever been before, and she did not "forget."

A long time had passed without any tempests of passion, when one morning Ellen Augusta happened to look up, and, lo! there was the Princess again, hanging from a string which was wound around and around the stovepipe. There had not been one breath of noise for them to know it by, but Santa Claus had brought her back.

Oh, how Ellen Augusta wished — it was with a thrill of terror too — that they could have had just one sight of him! But he had come and gone, and nobody knew.

Well, the Princess kept her secret well. She was very prudent, and never let a person know where she had been all that time, though Ellen Augusta thought she sometimes looked as if she would like to. She settled down and lived just like any other doll, and had a good long life as dolls go; but Ellen Augusta never attempted to box her ears again, or to throw her about in a passion.

SOME of the customs by which different nations show their sorrow are very curious. The ancient Jews tore their hair, threw ashes on their heads, rent their clothes, went with bare head and bare feet, neglected washing their bodies for seven days, or for a month on the occasion of the death of a great leader, as Moses or Aaron. The Chinese mourn in yellow; the Japanese in white, the emblem of purity. In Asia Minor blue is worn to indicate the happiness of the dead, and that sorrow for them is not without hope. In Ethiopia the color of the brown old earth to which man returns is worn for mourning, and in Egypt the yellow of autumn leaves, "for we all do fade as a leaf." — *Selected.*

OUR BOYS.

A True Story.

BY ANNIE E. FAXON.

"THERE must be absolute quiet everywhere," said our grave family physician, "and the clocks that strike must be stopped, the bells tied up, the doors padded so they will make no noise, and," looking at two little lads who gazed at him curiously, "no one but Nurse and Papa can go in her room for twelve days." This was so long a speech for our usually quiet doctor, that Arthur, the elder, caught his breath as he asked, "Has *she* got to boss us?" The "she" referred to a trained nurse whom Dr. B—— had sent out to take special care of mother who had lain so much of the past weeks waiting in vain for strength from a sad accident. "Never mind, Kenneth," said Arthur, without waiting for an answer, "I'll keep her from hurting *you;*" and he put one arm in a protecting fashion around his young brother's shoulder.

The boys expected to see at dinner the nurse, against whom they had mentally put themselves in battle array; but Papa said, "She is not to be allowed to leave her room even for her meals; Dr. B—— orders those to be sent to her." This increased the mystery, and when after dinner as Arthur and Kenneth went upstairs to change their new school-suits for play-suits, so that they could go on the ice in the meadow and let the northwest wind blow them across by the aid of three old umbrellas, a faint odor of medicine from Mamma's sick-room reached them, they looked more sad than defiant. Then when their long-time maid and a stranger beckoned for them to go into the alcove at the end of the hall where the house-plants grew, and looking up they saw a trim little body in a cheerful looking gingham dress, with dainty white ruffles in the neck and sleeves, and two bright eyes that seemed to have some fun in them, they each took an offered hand, and at that moment learned a secret that to this day no one knows but the boys themselves.

What the nurse said has not been told; and grandmother, uncles, and aunts will not entirely believe us when we say that for twelve days two boys, who were generally allowed to have naval engagements in the parlor, roller-skates in the halls, velocipedes in the dining-room, and Indian camp anywhere, really were well and happy, and went around on tiptoe with a finger pressed upon childish lips if one seemed to move carelessly; and that these children often waited long for just a smile or nod from Nurse A——, that faithful, self-forgetful ministrant of mercy, who stayed through such sad days.

One evening the nurse said to Mamma, who had not thought of her little boys, or of anything in the busy world that does not stop for sorrow or joy, "I am going to lead in the children; but do not speak to them, and please do not let them talk." There was no need for this command; for when a brown-cheeked boy was led softly to the bed-side, a brown hand was held tightly over the lips lest he should speak, and long lashes and soft cheeks were laid by the white face on the pillow. The mother's heart fluttered terribly, but it lasted only a few minutes, as Kenneth went out and sturdier Arthur came in. His eyes were moist, and his freckled nose was buried in his mother's neck tenderly, as with a long hug he made his call and went out with the nurse.

The next day two chairs were placed ceremoniously by the bed, and the boys were allowed to go in together. Their hands were scrubbed so clean as to look red; and they had wet their hair so much to make it look smooth, that their collars had also come in for a share of the dampening. Were these polite lads, with such almost formal address, "our boys"?

At the end of a week they were admitted by a slight tap at the door, and allowed to tell all their stories, — how "Bent lost his mark because he said 'the king *done* it,' although he *did* do it;" how "Papa had to get a new Third Reader when we had n't read half through the other one;" how "We had to have new rubber-boots that cost $3.00 a pair." how "Margaret had to sit up every night darning our new stockings and patching Arthur's pantaloons while skating and coasting lasted," and how "We have only one pair that are not patched." All these and many others had been waiting for mother; and one night they all played "Authors," she lying in bed.

The weeks had seen great prostration, but the passing days now rapidly brought strength. One stormy March day when the children came home they found both the parlors opened, a piece of music on the piano, the dinner-table set by an open fire in the library, and — yes, in a big chair was Mamma with her blue Christmas slippers on, and there were their playthings in a corner, and such a delicious dinner waiting!

The sun shines again; jingle the bells, set all the clocks striking, slam a door a little to hear how noise sounds, take one slide down the banister! The nurse and her queer trunk are gone; no more tiptoes! Let us "eat, drink, and be merry!" "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider; God also hath set the one over against the other."

Our Question-Box.

How can we teach the Bible so that the lessons shall always be practical?

1. Shape your questions on the lesson-subject in such a way that the moral or spiritual teaching will make a deeper impression than your critical comments or your explanations of the text. It is possible, for example, to explain a parable of Jesus in a way that will impress on the pupil's minds only the beauty, picturesqueness, or aptness of the story, leaving the *content* of the parable almost untouched. Avoid this method. So unfold the central truth in story, discourse, or remark, that the teaching and not the form in which it is given will be remembered. Or,

2. Use such a manual as Mr. Winkley's excellent "Practical Question-Book," with the card of Bible texts and lessons which Rev. Mr. Lyon has recently prepared to go with it. The verses memorized and passages explained will give good Bible instruction, while the questions will plant the seed of the word as germ-thoughts in the mind and heart.

Are gentlemen as useful for teachers of classes of older girls as ladies?

Generally, no; but it depends on how much the teacher knows. Grown-up girls cannot talk freely with gentlemen teachers. They might gain knowledge, but would not gain in enthusiasm, or in impulse.

How long ought a memory lesson of Bible verses to be?

A short lesson is preferable. Some might ask whether any memory lessons for Sunday-school should be demanded from the older classes.

What is the best time for the Sunday-school session?

Each school must decide this for itself. What would be the best hour for one school would not be the best for another. Theoretically, the noon hour, after morning service, is the worst possible time. Practically, however, it proves to be in the majority of cases a good hour; but the morning hour is in every respect a better time. Best of all — if this can be — is the afternoon hour.

It is a pity that a second service, free from hurry and attended by those who feel rested and fresh, cannot save the Sunday afternoon from its present half secular uses, and devote it to children's worship and to a general study of moral and religious truth by both old and young. Our present methods of using the Sunday can certainly be improved upon.

When will the promised Temperance Services for Sunday-schools be ready?

These Services are now in press, and will, we hope, be ready early in May. There will be four Services, with responsive readings, hymns, prayers, songs, recitations, etc., with accompanying music. Following the Services there will be a few pages of temperance hymns without music.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE letter which we give below will, we are sure, be read with interest. For the sake of our Sunday-school cause we hope there are many other friends of children who will follow Miss Smith's example and "do likewise."

BOSTON, April 14, 1887.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
Rev. H. G. SPAULDING, *Secretary.*

MY DEAR SIR, — By the will of my aunt, Miss Louisa Smith of Roxbury, recently deceased, in which I am appointed her executor, she directs me to pay "to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society one hundred dollars."

During a long life of which many years were passed in great suffering, my aunt always retained an active interest in the welfare and training of young children. In her active years, besides being a teacher herself, she was actively interested in a day nursery, and in other attempts to see that the little ones were started aright. I am, therefore, extremely gratified to know that in fulfilling this bequest, I am carrying out the spirit of her life interests.

Very truly yours,
JAMES P. TOLMAN.

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